

Dear Max Pa.

15 July 45

Well, you haven't heard from me since that eye opening, startling letter of last week. Much water has passed under the bridge since that letter. We have decided to wait until the war is over before we get married. It was a hard choice to make inasmuch Miss Cook will be sent to the Pacific for duty in a very short time. If we had gotten married she may have been returned to the states, yes, I'll be on my way to the Pacific, too, I guess. However, I hope to get home first. We are destined to stay over here, the ~~22nd~~ ^{22nd} is, for a long time yet. — but with all the changes going on I may be transferred.

Boy, I have really been lousy for the last couple of weeks — waiting, waiting. Gillen + McKim, two of our old timer's MOC's have been transferred. All the MC's have been transferred + new ones assigned.

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Nearly all the nurses have been transferred + named + 4E's assigned. Most of the E's have been transferred + new ones assigned. The 22 has completely changed. My moral is lower than a snake's belly. The C.O. has really been great to me, even better - two - as good as Col Gould. Really a swell guy.

As you know by now, we went to Ireland - had a nice time. Always waiting for that call to call us back to be transferred - What a life.

I'm enclosing a set of pictures we took. Not bad.

Well, guess that's all for now T.C. O.Y. — you, + I really need your strength, advice + leadership to pull me through this moral shattering time

W. J. O.

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